

THE HOME JOURNAL.

Volume III.

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WEBSTER & MANN.
Chattanooga, March 17th, 1859

The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

"Pledged to no Party's arbitrary sway,
We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

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dard's and the Home Journal, one year, for
four dollars. Arthur's Home Magazine,
or Peterson's, and the Home Journal, one
year, for 3 25.

THEY SAY.

A more sneaking, cowardly, fen-
dish liar than "They Say," does not
exist. That person is a universal
scapegoat for personal gossip, envy,
and malice; without form of flesh
and blood, when invoked, and yet
stalking boldly in every community.
The character is a myth, and yet
real; intangible, and yet clutching
its poisoned arrows from day to day.
And no mail is proof; no character,
position, or sex escapes; no sanctuary
is too sacred; no home is bulwarked
against its assaults. When one base
heart wishes to assail some person's
character, or motives, then "They
Say" is invoked. That is the assassin
who strikes in the crowd; the
thing who haunts the footsteps of the
offender, and tortures from careless
word or deed an excuse for the stilet-
to. Men dare not always reveal their
own feelings. With smiles and pre-
tended friendship they present the en-
venomed shaft as coming from "They
Say." Be sure, reader, that when
some villainous tale is told to you, and
the relator cannot give an author
more tangible than "They Say," for
it, that the slander is the creation of
the heart by your side, and reeking
with the poison of hatred and envy,
and earnest with a wish to have the
falseness of "They Say" but into re-
ality, and become current coin in the
community.
"They say," we repeat, is as cow-
ardly as it is false and fiendish; a
phantom creation which smiles while
letting loose a brood of vipers to crawl
in your path and blast by their venom.
To retail the stories of "They Say,"
is to sneak behind an intangible per-
sonage, and put in circulation the in-
famous innuendoes and calumnies
which, from raw material, are forged
nearer home.

IF, AND HIS PROGENY.

If every one were honest, we need
not lock our doors.
If everybody would mind just his
own business, there would be no
business done.
If we would talk less about other
people, other people would talk less
about us.
If there were fewer novels in the
world, there would be fewer
nouveaux.
If the mistress would scold less,
she would have less need of scolding.
If you often charge servants with
lying, they will soon become liars, if
they are not so already.
If students would read less, and
think more, there would be a larger
number of really great men in our
community.
If young ladies now-a-days did not
become women at thirteen, men would
have better wives.
If you want to get rich, work hard
and spend little.
If you want to render your husband
unhappy, blame him for everything
he does, right or wrong; scold him for
doing this or that, before you know
whether he did it.

AN ITEM FOR BOYS.—It is one of
the besetting sins of the young men
in this extravagant age, to endeavor
to get rid of work by seeking for easy
and lazy employment—and the con-
sequence is; that many of them turn
out worthless vagabonds. Boys,
avoid this whirlpool as you would a
plague spot, banish from you the dan-
gerous desire to live without work.
Labor is honorable, dignified; it is the
parent of health, wealth, and happi-
ness; look upon it as an invaluable
blessing, and never as a burden, a
curse. Shun idleness and sloth; pur-
sue some honest calling, and be not
ashamed to be useful.

OH, NEVER, NEVER, FLIRT, GIRLS.

Oh, never, never flirt, girls!
Don't play with human hearts!
You say you meant in fun, girls,
To wound with Cupid's darts.
But they are cruel wounds, girls;
Wounds that for life may hurt;
Then heed a wise old counsellor—
Don't flirt, dear girls, don't flirt.

You say men are hardy, girls,
And really never feel;
But many an old bachelor
His secrets could reveal.
And tell of happier days gone by.
Of false girls, feelings hurt—
And now condemn all womankind;
Don't flirt, then, girls, don't flirt!

There is no real pleasure, girls,
In striving to excel;
In such an art as flirting, girls;
Though you may do it well.
Then, if you love, love truly, girls;
But love not to hurt;
Choose wisely, well, and sensibly;
But, girls, oh, never flirt!

Two Splendid Stories.

Breach of Promise.

BY A. J. DICKINSON.

"Is it possible? Rose Leavitt?" ex-
claimed I, as I saw a lady, whom I
recognized as one of the beautiful
heiresses of Boston, enter my office.
"I dare say, you are surprised, but
my business is of a strictly legal char-
acter; so you need not waste any ex-
clamations upon the event."

Rose Leavitt was a beauty and an
heiress, but she was a strange girl,
for all that.
Her father had died when she was
about sixteen, leaving something like
a million to be divided between her
and two brothers. Charles and Hen-
ry Leavitt were much older than she,
and both of them had long been set-
tled down as quiet, orderly business
men. They were respectable, in the
fullest sense of the word, and were
never known to be erratic in the slight-
est particular.

Rose seemed to be cast in another
entirely different mould from that in
which they had been formed. At
school, she had been so wild that
neither master nor mistress could con-
trol her. She would have her own
way—a peculiarity to which I am sor-
ry to say very many young ladies are
addicted.

For the proprieties of life—I mean
for those set formalities of life, which
pass as such in the world of fashion—
she had sovereign contempt. She had
dandies, dandies, dandies, dandies
music books, French and German
"methods," in effect, she seemed strik-
ingly disposed to live out her exist-
ence after the dictates of her own
fancy, or her caprices, as the reader
may choose to regard it. She passed
into her twenty-first year without hav-
ing done anything to call the atten-
tion of the world at large to her.
Her whims had only been manifested
in the school room, or at the home of
her eldest brother, with whom she re-
sided.

She was now twenty-two, and was
in a fair way to become historical, as
I shall inform the reader. Of course
Rose had a profusion of lovers—hei-
resses always find them as plenty as
snow-flakes at Christmas. But Rose
very summarily disposed of this crowd
by selecting from them one who was
certainly a very superior fellow. He
was not rich, and had not been very
forward in his attentions, until it was
plain to him and all the world that
she had taken a fancy to him. Charles
Carpenter was poor, but he sincerely
loved the wayward girl, and would
not have bent at her feet, if he had
not loved her.

Then Rose, after she had secured
him in her folds, as the spider does the
fly, seemed a little disposed to play
the coquette. Now Charles Carpen-
ter had not assurance enough to deal
with a coquettish heiress. He was
not a man of the world.
He was conscious of the vast differ-
ence in their social position, and when
she began to flirt with another, he did
not resent it, but seemed to regard it
as a change of sentiment on her part,
to which he could offer no reasonable
objection. Calmly yielding to the fate
which denied him the bliss of being
loved, he let "concealment, like a
worm in the bud, food on his damask
cheek."

Rose flirted. A new star had risen
in the firmament of that circle, in
which she moved in the person of Mr.
Sampson Deele. He had lately come
from Baltimore, was the son of a mer-
chant prince, and owned a fine estate
on the Rappahannock, in Virginia,
with two hundred negroes.

Rose flirted with him, and Mr.
Sampson Deele was as constant as a
needle to the pole. Soon the flirta-
tion assumed a more serious aspect.
The elegant gentleman was ever by
her side, and she never failed to smile
upon him. Poor Carpenter gave up

all for lost, and never intruded upon
her presence.

For about three months, Mr. Deele
had clung to her, and then it was whis-
pered that he had proposed and been
accepted. Rose's brothers were in
ecstasies. They had been fearful
that she would throw herself away
upon a poor fellow like Carpenter;
and both of them declared that it was
the most sensible thing they had ever
known her to do, inasmuch as they did
not expect much of her in the way of
matrimony.

I had heard about these things as
matters of gossip. I pitied Carpenter,
with whom I was well acquainted;
but the wealth, position, prospects and
magnificent expectations of Mr. Samp-
son Deele could not be gainsayed.

"How is Mr. Deele?" I asked,
when she was seated.

"He is a knave," replied she smart-
ly.

I was utterly astonished at this ex-
clamation of feeling.

"Read that letter, Mr. Dockett,
and let it explain my business in a
lawyer's office."

I took the document. It was from
Mr. Sampson Deele. From it I
learned for the first time, that the en-
gagement between the parties had
been broken up. It appeared that
she had formally dismissed him. The
letter was a strictly business docu-
ment. If he had written anything
more delicate; if he had remonstrated
as a lover against his banishment, he
had done so before this was penned.
In this he laid aside the character of
a lover, and assumed that of business
looking out sharply for his material
interests. The substance of it was
that the writer would prosecute her
for a breach of promise, if she refused
to marry him.

"What shall I do, Mr. Dockett?"
she asked, trying to laugh, but I could
easily perceive the trepidation that
filled her mind.

"Really, Rose, this is a bad busi-
ness. Why did you banish him? I
conceive what a terrible misfortune
it must be to be exiled from your
presence."

"That will not be sufficient."
"I banished him because he is a
knave. I can prove that he is a gam-
bler, a professional gambler."

"I have you committed yourself?"
"I have."
"Has there been any letters?"
"Yes, he has everything in black
and white."

"Bad, bad, Rose."
"I knew that, or I should not have
come to you with such an affair."

I questioned her closely as to the
particulars of the affair. Mr. Samp-
son Deele could have no better case as
far as appearances went than I. It
looked just as if everything had been done
by design; and before the interview
was finished I was satisfied that he
was a scoundrel, and all he wanted
was my fair client's fortune. But
Rose was completely in his power.

For several days I fretted over the
case, and then decided to go to Bal-
timore myself. Enjoining upon Rose
the strictest secrecy in regard to my
movements, I departed. It would take
too much space to relate the incidents
of my search in Baltimore, besides it
would spoil the story—therefore
withhold them.

On my return I hastened to Rose,
and desired her to send for Mr. Deele.
He came and impudently stated the
grounds of his claim to the hand
of the heiress.

"How much will buy you off, Mr.
Deele?" I asked, with an appearance
of deep anxiety.

"Well, sir, I do not wish to prose-
cute the lady. If she has ceased to
love me, it is not my fault; but it is
not right that I should be a sufferer by
her change of sentiments. She is
worth, I am told, some three hundred
thousand dollars. I will not be hard
with her. Give me one-sixth of her
fortune, and I will return the letters."

"No, sir; we will not do that."
"Very well, then," said he, and
coolly rose to depart.

"One word more; do you think your
claim upon the lady is good?"
"Undoubtedly."
"Wait a moment, then, and I'll con-
vince you to the contrary."

I opened the door of an adjoining
room, and Rose conducted a lady
who had come from Baltimore with
me into the apartment.

"This lady will be an excellent wit-
ness for the defence," I remarked.

"Hell!" shouted he, as he seized
his hat and rushed out of the room.
Rose threw herself on the sofa, and
laughed till I thought she would go
into hysterics—the crazy girl.

In a word, the strange lady was
Mrs. Sampson Deele, wife of the as-
pirant for Rose's hand and fortune,
whom the wretch had deserted some
years before. So much for my visit

to Baltimore. Rose rewarded Mrs.
D. for her trouble, and it was a pro-
fitable journey to her. About a year
after, Charles Carpenter was made
happy by receiving the hand of Rose,
and I am pleased to and, she made a
very steady wife.—Boston True Flag.

The Happy Match.

A STORY OF OUR VILLAGE.

"Now," said Henry Hemphill to his
young wife, when they went to house-
keeping, "it's my business to bring
money into the house, and yours to see
that none goes foolishly out of it."

This was the agreement with which
they set forward in the world. He
chose her first because he loved her,
and in the second place because he
knew she was sensible, economical
and industrious, just the reason that
should influence every sensible man
in his choice now. And he also
thought it best that each should have
distinct spheres of action. Their in-
terests were one and indivisible, conse-
quently each had the same motives to
act well the allotted part. His busi-
ness called for his whole attention—
he wished, therefore, to pursue it un-
disturbed by other cares.

For himself, he looked for happi-
ness at home; there he expected a sup-
ply for all his wants, and he was not
disposed to spend anything abroad in
pursuit of what he thought every rea-
sonable man ought to enjoy in the
bosom of his own family. Her duties
being all domestic, she was able to
compass them the better by turning her
attention to them.

Her husband's business-doing hab-
its, his temper, correct life, had all
the power of example, increasing her
esteem, and doubling her anxiety to
deserve him.

They had married without waiting
to get rich. They never mistrusted
Providence nor each other. With lit-
tle besides health and disposition to
improve it, they had nevertheless a
strong confidence of success, which
prudent resolutions inspire in those
who feel that they have resolutions,
to adhere to them. Thus they began
the world.

To attach a man to home, it is nec-
essary that home should have attrac-
tions. Henry Hemphill's had. There
he sought repose after the toils and
weariness of the day, and found it.
When perplexed and low spirited he
retired thither, and amid the influ-
ences of his quiet and peaceful shades
he forgot the heartlessness of the
world and all the wrongs of men.
When things went ill with him, he
found solace in the sunshine of affec-
tion that in the domestic circle beamed
upon him, and chased every cloud
from his brow.

However others treated him, there
was all kindness, confidence and es-
teem. If others deceived him, and
hypocrisy with its shameless face
smiled on him to delude and injure
him, there was all sincerity of the
heart, which makes amends for suffer-
ing, and wins the troubled spirit from
misanthropy.

Nothing tends to make a good
housekeeper, a good economist, as that
kindness on the part of the husband
which speaks the language of approb-
ation, and that careful and well di-
rected industry which thrives and gives
strong promise that her care and pru-
dence will have a profitable issue, and
Mary Hemphill had this assurance.

Harry devoted himself to his busi-
ness with steady purpose and untiring
zeal. He obtained credit by his plain
and honest dealings; custom by his
faithful punctuality and constant care;
friends by his obliging deportment
and accommodating disposition. He
gained the reputation of being the
best workman in the village. None
were ever deceived who trusted his
word. He always drove his work a
little beforehand, for he said,—things
go badly when the cart gets before
the horse.

Noticed once a little incident which
illustrates his character. A thrifty
old farmer was accosted in the road
at the end of the village, by a young-
ster who was making a dash in busi-
ness, and wanted to borrow a few
hundred dollars. The wild old man
was perfectly ignorant where it could
be had, and sidled off from him as
soon as he could.

He rode directly down to Hemphill's
and told him he had a sum of
money to loan, if he would take it;
the payments should be made easy—
just as they would suit him. Indeed,
replied Harry, you have come to a bad
market. I have a little cash to spare
myself, and have been looking around
these two weeks for a good opportu-
nity of putting it out.

While Harry was prospering in bu-
siness, all went like a clock at home.
The family expenditures were care-

fully made,—not a farthing was wast-
ed, not a scrap was lost. The fur-
niture was all neat and useful, rather
than ornamental. The table plain,
but wholesome and well spread.

Little went to the seamstress or tail-
or. No extravagance in dress, no
costly company keeping, no useless
waste of time in two much visiting;
and yet the whole neighborhood praised
Mary Hemphill, and loved her.—
She was kind without being trouble-
some. And while few people lived
more comfortably, none were more
economical.

The result of such management can
never disappoint the reasonable ex-
pectations of those who build upon
them. Even the angry frown of mis-
fortune is put at defiance. Vantage
ground is gained, which the storm
seldom reaches; and a reward comes
in its proper time to crown. The mu-
sic of Harry's tools were in full play
the morning that I left the village for
a distant residence. It was not yet
sunrise, and as the coach bore us by
the residence of the villager, I saw the
door was open and the breakfast
smoking upon the table. Mary, in
her morning dress and white apron,
blooming in health and loveliness, was
busy amid her household affairs, and
a stranger who happened to be my
fellow passenger to the city, observing
it, said,—"There's a thriving family,
my word for it." And he spoke well.

There are certain things working
right, that cannot be mistaken by the
most casual observer.

On my return to Alesbury many
years afterwards, I noticed a beauti-
ful country residence on the banks of
the river, surrounded by all the ele-
gance of wealth and taste. Richly
cultivated fields spread themselves
out on every side as far as the eye
could reach; flocks and herds were
scattered in every direction. It was
a splendid scene—the sun was just
setting beyond the western hills, and
while a group of neatly dressed chil-
dren sported on the adjacent school-
house green, the mellow notes of the
flute mingled with their noisy mirth.

"There," said an old friend, "lives
Harry Hemphill, that is his farm, those
are his own and adopted children, ed-
ucated at his own expense. Having
made a noble fortune by his industry
and prudence, he spends his large in-
come in deeds of charity, and he and
Mary mutually give each other the
credit of all this."

My heart expanded then—it ex-
pands still when I hear of them. I
pen this simple history, that, as it is
entirely imitable, some who read it
will attempt imitation.

THE AUSTRIAN CAVALRY.

No power can boast such a body of
cavalry as Austria. It is enormous in
number. The horses are excellent,
well bred, handy, active and coura-
geous. The men are bold riders, good
swordsmen, and, better still, are the
right weight, and are recruited in
great part from two of the greatest
equestrian nations in the world, the
Poles and Hungarians. In her ser-
vice the monstrosity, so often witness-
ed in France, of a giant of two hun-
dred pounds weight, laden with arms
and accoutrements, astride of a beast
not much bigger than himself, is never
witnessed.

In short, the Austrian uhlan or hus-
sar is the model light cavalry man of
the world; small, light, wiry, active,
indefatigable, a rider from his cradle,
his bridle in his heels, and his hand,
eyes and heart on his sabre, indefati-
gable in the march, swift in the
charge, everywhere by turns, and no-
where long. It may be almost said
that the Hungarian hussar, now that
the Turkish spahi is a thing of the
past, is the only light cavalry, in fact,
the only cavalry in existence. His
cuts are as fatal and sure as other
men's thrusts. His horse is part of
himself; riding and fighting are his
pastime. In former days he was the
glory and boast of the Austrian army.
Those gay swarms of hardy little men
which shot from its sides on the
march were its surest aids in victory,
its best safeguards in defeat.

All this, however, goes down before
the Enfield rifle and the Armstrong
gun. Let the horse be ever so swift,
the sabre ever so sharp, or the rider
ever so bold, the conical ball is too
much for him. A charge of cavalry
upon a body of properly armed infan-
try bids fair to be henceforward im-
possible. Two hundred yards has
been fixed by the best authority as the
proper charging distance, and in by-
gone days it was only at two hundred
yards that the fire of a square began
to tell and saddles to be emptied.—
But now-a-days the iron rain patters
on the horsemen before they get with-
in half a mile of the foe.

THE LOUD AND THE SILENT.

The loud tongue is not always the
sign of a large heart; neither is it just
to esteem that man callous to all finer
impressions, because you have never
seen him in fits, consequent on some
alleged case of trouble. We remem-
ber an instance that bore out our con-
viction, in this respect, to the very
utmost. The report having gone
around of a dire calamity, (a report
perfectly correct,) among some twen-
ty persons were a couple whose sepa-
rate expressions on the occasion
were by no means similar. One gen-
tleman was loud in his grief—wrung
his hands, and almost tore his hair.—
"Money must be raised for the afflic-
ted!" he exclaimed; "yes, money!"—
And he quitted, with his hand on the
pocket of his vest, every body thought
intent on the work of charity. There
was another gentleman in the room.
He said nothing, and remained quite
undisturbed in feature. Presently,
however, he made his exit; but, the
following day, it oozed out that he had
been untiring in his endeavors to find
the sufferers by the recent calamity,
and, finding them, had subscribed no-
bly toward a fund for their perfect re-
lief. It also transpired that the other
gentleman had given—nothing!

PROBABILITY OF MARRYING.

A table inserted in a paper in the
Assurance Magazine, exhibits results
of a rather startling character. In
the first two quinquennial periods, 20
25 and 25 30, the probability of a wid-
ower marrying in a year is three times
as great as that of a bachelor; at 30
is nearly four times as great; from 30
to 45 it is five times as great; and in-
creases until at 60 the chance of a
widower marrying in a year is eleven
times as great as that of a bachelor.
It is curious to remark, from this table,
how confirmed either class becomes
in its condition of life—how little
likely, after a few years, is a bachelor
to break through his settled habits and
solitary condition; and, on the other
hand, how readily in proportion does
a husband contract a second marriage
who has been deprived prema-
turely of his first partner. After the
age of 30, the probability of a bache-
lor marrying in a year diminishes in a
most rapid ratio. The probability at
35 is not much more than half at 30,
and nearly the same proportion exists
between each quinquennial period af-
terward.

GOOD MANNERS.

If Christianity had no higher recom-
mendation than this, that it makes
a man a gentleman, it would still be
an invaluable social element. The
New Testament inculcates good man-
ners. Our Saviour was courteous even
to his persecutors. Look at Paul be-
fore Agrippa! His speech is a model
of dignified courtesy as well as of per-
suasive eloquence. A spirit of kindly
consideration for all men character-
ized the Twelve. The same mild,
self-sacrificing spirit which pervaded
the sayings and doings of the early
disciples is exhibited by the true fol-
lowers of the cross at the present day.
A man, it is true, may be superficially
polite without being a Christian; but
the very conditions of his creed and
the obligations of his faith, is neces-
sarily in mind and soul—and there-
fore in word and act—a gentleman.

A CHEAP AND GOOD BAROMETER.—A
truthful and cheap Barometer, inter-
esting and instructive to youth, may
be made by taking a glass bottle and
putting in it a small quantity of finely
pulverized alum. Then fill up the
bottle with spirits of wine. The alu-
min will be perfectly dissolved by the
alcohol, and in clear weather the li-
quid will be as transparent as the pur-
est water. On the approach of rain
or cloudy weather the alum will be
visible in a flaky spiral cloud in the
centre of the fluid reaching from the
bottom to the surface. This is a sim-
ple and beautiful barometer.

HORRORS OF WAR.—"I see women
to-day," says a Paris letter writer,
"half mad, running about Paris to
know what has become of their hus-
bands and brothers. They who have
relatives in McMahon's division are
distracted with anxiety, and hang
about the Ministry of War with a
horrible apprehension. The Emperor
lets the telegraph tell no tales but
what he likes. No private communi-
cations from the seat of war are al-
lowed. The first a wife knows of the
loss of a husband is from 'official'
sources."

Root, Hogg, or Dye.—In one of the
counties of Wisconsin, it is said there
are three candidates for the Legisla-
ture: J. M. Root, Democrat; Robt.
Hogg, Free-soil, and T. H. Dye, Whig.
So, on election day, it will be "Root,
Hogg, or Dye" with the voters.

THE SLAVE FINDER AND Thief Detector!

This is the title of a Newspaper which
we intend to publish in the town of Win-
chester, Tenn., and which shall be de-
voted almost exclusively to the object in-
dicated in the caption—i. e.: the pub-
lication of every fact connected with the
running away, from their master, of the
slaves in the South, and that may lead
to the detection of the same. We shall
have no advertisements in the columns,
except the advertisements concerning
any and every negro confined in any
jail in Tennessee, or other State. To do
this, we will be in constant communica-
tion with all the Jailors in the Southern
States—more especially the States of
Tennessee, Georgia, Kentucky, Alabama,
&c. And whenever a negro is taken up,
and confined in any jail, notice of the
fact, together with a description of the
negro, will be immediately forwarded to
us, and published in our columns. Al-
ready are confined in our jails, in this
State, many servants who might be ob-
tained by their proper owners, had their
owners any method by which to find the
whereabouts of those runaways. As a
full, correct, and reliable medium of this
sort of intelligence, we offer the "SLAVE
FINDER" to the Southern people.—
Subscribe for it, and you get a journal
devoted immediately to your interests;
and when you want to learn where your
slave is, instead of running all over sev-
eral thousand miles of territory, you have
only to examine the columns of your
Slave Finder, to get the required infor-
mation.

We intend to devote its columns to
this purpose mainly, of course giving
thieves and counterfeits a due share of
attention, and also will give prices cur-
rent, &c. If a man has a reward to of-
fer for the apprehension of any negro,
we will advertise to that effect, and if a
man wishes to sell a negro, or hire, or
buy one, we will allow reasonable space
to state his object.

And now, we call upon Southern peo-
ple, who have slaves absconded, and up-
on all who make it a business to detect
such, and upon all who wish to keep
posted as to the prices of negroes, and
so forth, to subscribe for our journal.

The Slave Finder will contain Thirty-
two long columns, being considerably
larger than the Home Journal, now pub-
lished by W. J. SLATTER, in Winches-
ter. So, you see, it will be large enough
any way—in fact, as large as papers gen-
erally get to be. It will be printed on
fine, heavy paper, and will be securely
delivered to subscribers at a distance.

Terms \$5 per annum, in advance.—
However, we only ask your names now,
and after you have received several num-
bers of the paper, then you will be sat-
isfied, of course, and can send the sub-
scription price.

No club rates, but one copy allowed
free, to every person who will procure
us five subscribers. The first number
will be issued on Saturday, September
the 3d, by which time we hope to have
many names sent in. Already we have
150 names. Let others come as fast as
possible, so that all may commence at
the same time. Address
D. R. & W. J. SLATTER,
Journal Office, Winchester, Tenn.

J. R. Slatter will meet and address
his fellow-citizens at the following
times and places, and will be pleased
to meet with the candidates and peo-
ple generally. He will also attend
the appointments of the Tax Collector.
Gossage, Friday, July 1
Decherd, Saturday, " 2
Winchester, Monday, " 4
Pond, Friday, " 15
Owl Hollow, Saturday, " 16
Rolean, Thursday, " 21
Anderson's, Friday, " 22
Byrom's, Saturday, "